

THE

## LITERARY LOUNGER.

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MAY, 1826.

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### THEATRICALS DURING THE LAST MONTH.

WE have usually allotted a portion of the early pages of our monthly to discussions on the Drama, in order that we may do our best towards satisfying the "stage struck," and allay, if possible, the ever impetuous passion of the sons of Thespis. Last month we struck out of our beaten path, and the consequence was, that certain gentlemen at the *Harp*—they *take*, perhaps—grew angered at our deviation from the ordinary track, and vowed we had insulted the profession, in having nothing to say of them. However, whether that was not *their* fault in producing nothing worthy of our notice, we do not pretend to canvass, but, as we know these same *stagers* to be excessively fond of praise—from however obscure a niche it may come—we shall now take a retrospect of the performances for the last month.

And, first of all, let us go to Covent Garden. The much puffed—we suppose from the number of *wind* instruments introduced into the orchestra—opera of Oberon made its appearance; and dull enough it is. If a succession of beautiful scenery, if some very soporiferous music comprise an opera, sure enough we have one. We dare say every reader will consider this blasphemy, and exclaim, "What! an opera, composed by Weber, dull? Pshaw! impossible! You know nothing about such things!" Perhaps not—we have a very acute ear that easily distinguishes between noise and harmony, and if the magic of Oberon did not send us to sleep, "why, then," in the words of honest Jack Falstaff, "are we no true knight." Moreover, we have heard, that *blind* people have "more music in

their soul" than folks who possess "*eyes right*," and we saw in the gallery a lady of that description, who seemed far from amused with the chaos of din that eternally issued from the cat-guts—to tell truth, it was that worthy old dame, whom, doubtless, you have seen promenading the streets with a young urchin at her elbow, whose business it is to collect the pence while the sightless piece of humanity fiddles "*She had money, and I had none.*" What brought her there—an it were not her legs—Heaven only knows. She sat with the *leader* to her compositions—the before-mentioned little one in petticoats—with mouth open, in order to catch the harmony, and, doubtless, is now strumming all the *encored* airs—not very numerous, by the bye—to the *cognoscenti* of the Seven Dials. Poor blind scraper! the gallery *stairs* could not put *you* out of countenance, and thou seemed to leave the house and the opera as if thou *sawest* nothing in it. Nor did we—we cannot account for it—the fiddle-bows must have been besmeared with poppy juice instead of the customary resin, and some of the situations—meant to be pathetic—were so highly ludicrous that divers folks were very much disposed to commence the *composer's own* production of the *Laughing Chorus*; a compliment which he would, doubtless, have felt as an English appreciation of his wonderful talent. Miss Paton sang to an accompaniment that much resembled the scraping of two nutmeg-graters against each other—the reader will surmise how grating this must have been, but it was *nouvelle*, and, therefore, pleasing, and much applauded. An old gentleman, in the box next to us, was in ecstasies, and swore Weber would extract music from a marrow-bone—no doubt, if he was aided by a cleaver—we have seen Hayne make a man dance to a very amusing *tune* only by pulling out his tooth. But we will say a little of the acting, &c., for to analyse minutely such *fiddle faddle* is almost as impossible as it would be worth our while.

Braham looked like a fat butcher in a *mail* coat—we do not mean the garb of a *guard*—and sang about "death and victory" in his best style. After which, a row took place whether he should repeat the dose, and, when silence was obtained for the *encore*, we found Braham had *begun* at the *end*. We never knew such a cool being as this Braham, he looked, when tied to the *stake*, as nonchalant as if it were smothered with onions, and he was about to dine upon

it. Fawcett wore a fool's cap—it fitted him exactly—he is too old and heavy for the light business. Why not, instead of having two overtures—for the first is regularly *encored*—make overtures to *Harley* of the other house. The company would then be as complete as it could be. Miss H. Cawse was a very amusing Puck. This young lady gives hope of future excellence. C. Bland is materially improved, but he is too *diminutive* ever to be *great*. The only gem in the evening's entertainment was the acting of Cooper. His little was executed as judiciously as he always does. Mrs. Davenport had nothing to do, because—as we suppose—being a bulky old dame, she is supposed to be *some body* of herself. Miss Paton sang away, and had some very difficult music to execute, which she delivered—seeing that she is no longer a *Miss*—in a very matronly style. An improvement we were glad to see. Her acting was good. Charles Kemble's *lady*—we beg pardon—Madame Vestris did her best, as she always does, and sang a very delightful song, that was rapturously and deservedly *encored*. Miss Lacy swaggared as Miss Lacy has done every night this season. The rest “all leather and prunella.” There was some very pretty dancing to some die away German airs, and a water scene, wherein a lady appeared in a *shell*, which was very *nouvelle*; because ladies are seldom carried in *shells*, excepting it be from the parish work-house to the grave; as it was a water scene, perhaps, this object had been trepanned from *Dr. Brooks*. The scenery was beautiful. Pugh, Grieve, T. Grieve, and all the other *griefs*, were the daubs, and “long Jem,” a gentleman known by the name of Planchè, did the *patter*; and dull enough it was, if we except a few lines delivered by Paton, which called forth some applause. After the opera, naturally enough, followed a farce; which was the introduction of Maria Weber, in order to convince the audience, that he was not only a Professor of Music, but could also *make a bow*. We forgot to mention, that Braham had such an excellent set-to with a Pirate, that a wag in the gallery roared out *encore*, and that Fawcett walked about with a horn, and, whenever there was a row brewing, checked it with a *blow*. It was given out for repetition. With all our hearts; we only hope it may be considerably *cut up*.

At Drury there has been very little novelty. The return of Macready to those boards has again introduced us to tragedy, so that

"Benyowsky," and the amusing "Tristram Stark," are likely to find early graves. If we are to believe the bills, the management are determined to carry all before them, and have announced Elliston as the "old Rover," while the newspapers tell us it is to be "fat Jack." Time must decide. The announcement of the new Opera has grown very old in the bills, and we only hope to see better management, for, of late, it has been woefully bad. Pelby, the young American, obtained a second appearance—but that was on a charitable occasion. When Kean played Brutus, Wallack would enhance the acting of that tragedy, by performing "Titus." Now, that Pelby obtains the part—on an occasion of charity—Titus is given to Younge. This is the way actors remember kindnesses. When Wallack was in America, Pelby was the hero, and did not refuse to support the former gentleman; in England the latter with difficulty obtains permission for a trial night, and then the play is most vilely supported. The truth of this is evident to any one who witnessed the supporters of Pelby in Hamlet. Sherwin, too—an actor quite as clever as Rayner—disgusted with the profession, is now rumoured to *drive* a stage. When will managers be awake to merit? Knight held all the country boys, and Sherwin had, therefore, "little work." Death deprives the former of his parts, and, then, when the latter is really wanted, his engagement is expired, and they neglect to enter upon second terms. This is management!

But, thank Heaven! the Haymarket and warm weather seem to have opened upon us at once. The laugh of Liston and the smile of Spring! We have "just dropped in" at the little theatre. There was Wilkinson's broad face, and Liston revelling in Paul Pry, as comical as ever, and droll Jack Reeve—that humorous creature—singing "What's a woman like?" We hope, ere long, to see him as great a favourite here, as he has been elsewhere. Vining doing the gentleman, as usual. Williams, W. West, and all the old favourites, with Misses George, P. Glover, and the younger favourites, and Mesdames Glover, Waylett, Humby, and all the other favourites. We expect much fun in this quarter. Poole is to be set going, and Kenny is to produce a new comedy. But these things will, doubtless, be old as Adam by the time you peruse our number.

Amongst *minor* matters, Yates has produced some excellent sketches. His imitations are known good ones. There is a very

famous hit off of Yates and Matthews in the characters of *Iago* and *Othello*, as played by them at Liverpool. Some newspaper said it was the production of a Mr. Reynolds, we have been told, on the contrary, that it is the work of Wood, the author of "Odes and Addresses to great People." We have no reason to discredit our information. It is very tolerable *wood work*. Amongst the "*boozing kens*," Crew and Harris continue the heroes of *Offley's*, &c. &c. W. L. and L. T. Rede are the life of the *Druids*, aided by brother Hudson. The *Shakspearians*, the last night of their meeting, did not muster so many of the "actor folks" as they are wont, or, at least; we did not think so. Another rumour and we are done. The son of the late Knight is said to be engaged at the Haymarket. We hope it may be true, for we have seen him in the country, and consider him the only *country* boy. His size is about that of his father's, and we heartily wish he may continue the representative of his late much respected parent. And so, gentlemen of the "*Harp*," "we most respectfully bid you farewell!"

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## THE LIBERTINE.

### PORTION I.

FILL, fill the bowl! aye, wreath the bowl on high,  
 It glads my heart—I really love the drink so;  
 Wine's sparkling influence doth care defy,  
 Cheering the soul that otherwise would sink so.  
 "Alack! there is more peril in thine eye—" -  
 Out on thee, Shakspeare! I could never think so.  
 For what is woman, but a tutt to raise  
 Our sympathy, love letters, and mock praise?

Your true love's eyes are diamonds, as you say—  
 Her hair, perhaps, is rather dark than light;  
 So much the better, for *light* heads by day  
 Are not so useful as they are at night.  
 Meet in the *dark*—her *diamond* eyes will play,  
 Or shine—you run, and take her for a fright.  
 She, who was sweet as sugar-tub from Morehead,  
 With nails, like *Jael*, to attack your fore-head.

Ah me! your woman is an easy plant,  
 Strives to decoy you with her smiles and tears,  
 Like days in April. Harken to her cant—  
 List her heart throbblings, and her maiden fears.  
 "Ah me!" she sighs—you see her bosom pant—  
 "Love me, and I'll—deceive you—some one hears."  
 And yet they please us—while their blue eyes play  
 Like gleams of sunshine on a rainy day.

Yes, wat'ry nights beget an opening day,  
 Blooming and beautiful, as fresh and bright  
 As the young budding rose, while zephyrs play  
 Around the sweet slow peeping into light  
 As if 'twere frightened at the eye of day—  
 So innocence dreads taking wrong for right—  
 Till stronger grown, and bursting from its chains  
 The narrow compass of its bud disdains.

Tell her she's pretty, has a Roman nose,  
 Her neck as taper-like as swan completely,  
 Throw out judiciously some darts and throes,  
 Tell her as dying swan she sings as sweetly.  
 You have her—though you were to say her toes  
 And legs are swan-like—that is, *formed as neatly*.  
 Her friends will bring an action just to prove  
 She withered, like a lily, all for love.

Give me the girl—beg pardon—I'm beginning  
 To grow enthusiast. I mean to show  
 How I have loved and conquered—sometimes grinning,  
 Sometimes pathetic—for I can be so;  
 I'll teach you how the girls you may be winning,  
 And sometimes warm you with impassioned glow,  
 And though you call me *libertine*, you may—  
 But truth is truth—and that I will display.

Land of the Mountain and Flood, where the sky  
 Spreads her blue mantle o'er old Llangadock,  
 And nature revels in repose. How I,  
 A youth, have wandered o'er the cragged rock,



And wondered at thy mountain majesty,

Where torrents pour them in continuous shock.

Land of the Flood—'Tis Wales, I mean—that's clear—

Where goats are *cheap*, and children *very dear*.

How oft have I remembered with delight

The humble cottage where my Nancy grew

In health and innocence, and how bedight

With smiles she hastened to receive me too.

Her life was sunshine, for the cloudy night

Of care dispersed in ether at her view.

She helped the poor—her purse was at their call—

A child in innocence—I spoiled it all.

Ah, cousin Nancy! I was to recruit

My health in Wales, beneath thy fost'ring care;

I recollect arriving with a flute,

A dog, and luggage, growling at the fare

That damned me to the country, but the fruit

Which caught my eye, when first I nestled there,

Was worth the plucking, so in love we fell,

'Twas youth's romance—lake, mountain, love, and dell.

There was a hillock of the choicest green,

Arrayed with roses, and the lily pale,

Where you might say the spring was to be seen

In all her glory, where she might exhale

The sweets that she had scattered o'er the scene,

There, Flora like, sat Nancy of the vale,

Crowded with Nature's darlings. O, those flow'rs,

Sweet as her innocence!—Yes, *life* was ours!

Love, lots of kisses, unsuspecting friends,

The wild bird's music echoed on the breeze,

All that melodious harmony she sends

Her hymn of praise for Spring's warm ecstasies.

And while the torrent o'er the mountain blends

The grander with the simple, and the trees

Lend their light spring-tide hues, and shade

The scorching sun-beams from the arid glade,

Yes, in this spring-tide Paradise we sat,  
 And looked, and sighed. Forsooth, it was most simple.  
 But, first love is simplicity, and that

I have discovered. O, that smiling dimple  
 Spoke more than earthly language, and her chat  
 Was free and fond—I hate a girlish wimple.  
 Love in her eyes—her arms might warm all Russia;  
 She spoke her feelings—could I try to hush her?

Blessed in her innocence she lived, till I  
 One foolish moment swore she was most pretty.  
 Perhaps, she thought so—though her vanity  
 Was small for woman; she had known no city  
 Flirtings, her life was mere inanity.

And, yet, sometimes, she aimed at being witty,  
 Saying, I grew so lusty, plump, and full,  
 My very *calf* would soon become a *bull*.

B. U. Y.

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#### THE EVENING STAR.

I LOVE thy light, pale evening Star,  
 Altho' thou shin'st nor bright nor far,  
 Yet still to me thou'rt dear:  
 For at the close of parting day  
 Thine is the first faint glimmering ray,  
 The lonely night to cheer.

Ere long a thousand lamps may shine,  
 Each with more lustrous beam than thine,  
 On Heav'n's dark canopy—  
 But still mine eye will fondest turn,  
 To where thy milder splendours burn,  
 Young spring-flower of the sky!

Say, sons of Sorrow, when you feel  
 Grief's dim and deepening shadows steal  
 Across your care-worn brow—  
 Can any charm your woes beguile,  
 Like that first, soul-reviving smile,  
 That marks affection's glow?

FRANK.



## LEGENDARY TALES—No. II.

ULVERLE.

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"Hieky, Lordpuges and Ladys fre  
 Lysten awhile and herken to me."

*Geste of Kyng Horn.*

"My own romantic town!"—*W. Scott.*

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EARL RICHARD he doffed his robe of gold,  
 And his armour bright also,  
 And walked him forth like a yeoman bold,  
 With his stout and stalwart bow.

He goes not forth to slay the deer  
 With his bow so merrilye,  
 But he goes to meet his maiden dear,  
 All under the green-wood tree.

"And oh," he cried in the forest shade,  
 "My love has been false to me;  
 No more shall I greet my own sweet maid  
 All under the green-wood tree."

A ladye stands in that trysting bower,  
 A ladye of high degree,  
 Her gems alone were a prince's dower,  
 And thus spoke that fair ladye.

"Thou didst sue me first in lowly guise,  
 Not to wealth was bowed thy knee,  
 Then behold thy love without disguise  
 The Lady of Hitchinglee!"

Earl Richard he bowed him low and said,  
 "Beloved and fair ladye,  
 Such blessings never on man were shed,  
 As are showered this day on me!"

But not for thy gold and jewels sheen  
Is the love I bear for thee,  
I loved thee as well in kirtle green  
All under our green-wood tree!"

ON a fair morning in the fresh and merry month of May, while the bee yet sipped the dew from the golden-blossomed gorse, and the lark carolled his matin-song in the mid air, a goodly company of gallant men-at-arms was seen pricking over the plains of Lode Heath, a wild and desolate tract of waste land in the county of Warwick, extending between the township of Solihull and the feudal fortress of Ulverle. At their head rode a fair and gentle knight attired in all the exquisite pomp and radiant beauty which so eminently characterized the chivalric costume. His nodding plumes and silken pennon gaily streaming in the wind, denoted his rank in chivalry, while the graceful and elegant ease with which he bestrode his plumed and barbed steed, as it proudly caracoled and curvetted under him, proved him to be a perfect adept in every knightly exercise. A glove, the gift of some fair damosel, reposed beneath the snow-white plume that nodded on his helm: and the quaint impresses and emblematical devices, all expressive of love, which were blazoned on his huge triangular shield, and the scarf, that beautiful token of lady-love, crossing his strong and polished steel cuirass, bespoke him to be a knight as courteous as he was brave—gallant alike in battle-field and ladye's bower. The rest of his equipment was less splendid—the girdle round his waist, in which was placed the long and slender poniard which was termed, inaptly enough, the dagger of mercy, and the bauldric descending from the shoulders across the body, from which depended the ponderous two-handed sword, were of simple tanned leather only, and the lance which he poised with graceful and dexterous adroitness, was of plain and unadorned materials. His raised visor betrayed a countenance of almost feminine beauty—but many a gentle cavalier who mocked at the fairness of his face had been compelled to acknowledge the readiness of his hand—and though the face and form of Ralph de Limesy were such as limners love to paint, and ladies look at, he demeaned himself in the joust and tournament, in the press and the mêlée, with a courage and activity which stronger and older knights might envy.

Twenty years before the period which our tale embraces, Ralph de Limesy's father, who inhabited a strong-hold at Solihull, had the good fortune to save, in an accidental skirmish, William Odingsells, Lord of the hamlet of Ulverle, which, however, was now, to distinguish it from the rapidly rising township of Solihull, known by the name of Old Town, or Olton. The intimacy occasioned by this fortuitous event, gradually ripened into friendship, and Richard de Limesy became the bosom-friend and brother-in-chivalry of the Baron of Ulverle. With a view of indissolubly cementing this union, they betrothed their infant children, and, shortly after this event, the two old knights, rich in years and honour, were gathered to their fathers. The Lady Joanne remained at Ulverle under the care of her noble kinsmen, and Ralph de Limesy was, by the chantry-priests of Knowle, introduced to all the mysteries of lettered lore, and by the Knights-Templar of Balshall, was taught to ride the war-horse, to wield the brand, and to bend the bow; and after being conducted through the intermediate steps of page and squire to ladye fair and baron bold, gallantly won his belt and spurs upon the field of battle, and received the accolade at the hands of that good knight and true, William Mauduit, Earl of Warwick.

He was now on his way to the fortress of Ulverle, to fulfil his contract with the Lady Joanne. On his return from Palestine, where under the banners of the chivalric Edward the First, he led his hardy vassals to victory and honour, he was overtaken at Canterbury by a dangerous distemper, the effect, partly of the climate, and partly of the extraordinary labour and fatigue he had undergone. The damosels of the olden time were skilful in the arts of medicine and pharmacy, and it not unfrequently occurred, that the fair hand which bound the wreath of conquest round the warrior's brow, prepared potions to ease his ailings, and cataplasms to heal his wounds.\*

\* "So prospered the sweet lass, her strength alone  
Thrust deftly back the dislocated bone,  
Then culling curious herbs of virtue tried  
While her white smock the needful bands supplied:  
With many a coil the limb she swathed around  
And nature's strength returned, nor knew its former wound."

\* \* \* \* \*

"And after having searched the intuse deep,  
She with her scarf did bind the wound from cold to keep."

*Faery Queen, book iii. canto 5. stanzas 31 and 32.*

In Isabel de Clinton, daughter of the Castellan of Dover, Ralph de Limesy found a tender and skilful surgeon. But as his distemper decreased, it was succeeded by a disease no less fatal to his repose. His progress was like that of Penelope's web. What the surgical skill of the damosel amended, her seducing black eyes marred. To be brief, our knight was desperately in love, and the more he thought of his affianced bride, the more did he curse the stupidity of a father who had chained him to so hideous a mass of deformity as the Lady of Ulverle was reputed to be. The Lady Isabel, a petulant and malicious little beauty, was used to question him on the subject of his lady-love, and as she elicited from him the reluctant confession of her utter want of personal charms—there was something in the almost speaking witchery of her lips, and the lurking expression of her eyes—bright as constellations in the heavens—which was at once pleasing and perplexing—delightful and inexplicable. Seasonably, however, for Ralph de Limesy's honour—fortunately for the peace of his betrothed bride, and happily for the repose of his father's soul—the arrival of a page bearing letters from the Lady Joanne, roused him from his dangerous dream of love. The immediately subsequent departure of the Lady Isabel, at the same time that it removed all pretext for farther delay, seemed to impose upon him the necessity of instant departure—he therefore once more put his spear in rest, and with a heavy heart, wended his way towards the Castle of Ulverle.

But to return to our knight. By his side rode his friend and brother-in-arms, Walter de Massey, a Knight-Templar, and master of a preceptory of that order in the neighbouring village of Balshall. He was habited strictly according to the rules of his order. His head was covered with a thin coif of linen cloth, over which a red cap was closely fitted. The hauberk, or shirt of mail, with cuisses of the same, which enveloped his stout and manly form, presented a defensive armour to the thrust of lance or sword. At his saddle-bow hung the ponderous martel or battle-axe, a favourite weapon with the chivalry of that period, which, with a sword of extraordinary size and magnificence, and a long, white, woollen cloak, with a red cross embroidered on the left shoulder, completed his equipment.\* A long, grisly beard, which the Templars, contrary to the

\* Dugdale's Warwickshire, art. Knights of Balshall Temple.—Darrel.

custom of other religious orders, wore of a prodigious length,\* and a complexion tinged by the scorching suns of Palestine, gave to his features an air of ascetic gloom, but there was a laughing devil in his eye which betrayed passing thoughts little in unison with the vows and regulations of his religious and virtuous order. The Templar and his companion were engaged in a conversation, which, from the earnestness of their tones, and the often-repeated bursts of laughter that escaped them, seemed to be of a serious, and at the same time, of a lively nature. Whatever might be the subject of their discourse, it appeared to be of more than common interest to a young and beautiful boy-page, who rode by their side, and listened to every word with avidity and attention.

"Now were I Ralph de Limesy," said the Templar, "the Lady Joanne might still pine among the bats and owlets in the castle of Ulverle. A few masses for thy father's soul, or at best, a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, would be the only penalty."

"And were I Walter de Massey, I would bridle my tongue with the modest curb of discretion. And more, I would be all priest, or all soldier. I would shut me up in eremite's cell, or I would place some gay dame's favour in my helmet—the world should be my tilting ground, and my battle-cry should be—God and the Ladies!"

"No," rejoined the Templar—"I am too blunt for a poursuivant d'amour—too ill-favoured for a carpet-knight—too craven-like to challenge an army for a mistress I never saw—and too wise to venture the loss of an eye for one who never bestowed half a glance on me."

"Templar," said de Limesy, "thy sense of chivalry extends not beyond the sword and shield. Thou lovest thy horse better than thy

\* The following ROYAL MANIFESTO exhibits a curious testimony of this custom of the Templars. "EDVARDUS SECUNDUS REX, &c. Cum dilectus valettus noster PETRUS AUGER, exhibitor presentium, nuper voverit quod BARBAM SUAM radi non faciat, quousque peregrinationem fecerit in certo loco in partibus transmarinis; et idem PETRUS sibi timeat, quod aliqui ipsum, ratione BARBE SUE PROLIXE, fuisse TEMPLARIUM imponere sibi velint, et ei inferre impedimenta, seu gravamina ex hac causâ; Nos veritati volentes testimonium perhibere, vobis tenore presentium intimamus, quòd prædictus PETRUS est valettus Camerae nostrae, nec unquam fuit TEMPLARIUS, SED BARBAM SUAM SIC PROLIXAM esse permittit, ex causâ superius annotatâ. TESTE REGE, die Februarii decimo septimo. A.D. millesimo tricentesimo et undecimo. Regni, quarto."—*Dugdale's Warwickshire. art. Balshall Temple.*

lady. The peasant damosel and the peerless dame are alike to thee, and I warrant me that a romaunt of war hath more charms for thee than a lay of love."

"The rules of my order," said the Templar, "forbid a knowledge of the levities thou speakest of; and I think, Ralph de Limesy, that a blind adoration of an ideal object savours little more of wisdom than the expectation of those dogs of infidels, that they shall meet with maids of heavenly beauty in their paradise. It is an idolatry better befitting a miscreant Paynim than a Christian warrior."

"Sagely delivered, most reverend expositor!" exclaimed de Limesy; "I tell thee, Templar, that thou termost blind idolatry, has a magic influence over the heart of your true knight. On the eve of battle, when thy soldier-priests kneel in prayer, and quail at the thoughts of the morrow; he needs no other incentive to noble emprise than the recollection of his lady-love. He whispers her name in his vesper prayers and in his matin oraisons;—she is his stay in the hour of danger, and his triumph in the day of victory!"

"Magic thou may'st well call it, for *it has* transformed a gallant knight into a very braggart. Shame on thee, Ralph de Limesy! thou wert wont to be a brave man and a soldier—thou art now a fantastic springald. Nay man! never pout thy lips at me. I say thou hast it from head to foot. From the poutlet of thy helm to the very shank of thy spur\* thou art bedizened with poesies of love. *EN LOYAL AMOUR TOUT MON CŒUR*—a motto more worthy of a May-game mummer than a soldier of the Cross."

"It is a poesie, Templar, which was worn by as gentle and gallant a knight as ever planted spear in rest—and one who bore his gonfanon† where your lances of the Temple dared not follow—Richard Cœur de Lion, whom God assoilzie!"

"AMEN!" devoutly responded the Templar. "Marry now, Ralph de Limesy, thou art on thy mettle this morning. I did but twit at thy lady-love, and thou hast attacked the reputation of my order. Thou could'st not have been more angered had I called the

\* Mills. History of Chivalry. art. Equipment.

† The banners borne by Barons, &c.

*Si Barons aurent gonfanons.*

*Si Chevaliers aurent pennons.*



Lady Joanne hump-backed and evil-eyed. Thy slumbers have been of no soothing nature."

"Nor in good sooth has thy morning's refection been a slight one. By the mass! the metheglin of thy preceptory is of the strongest. I have not seen thee so merry, since that beard of thine was dipped in the wine-vats of Cyprus, nor in so moral a mood, since the burly miller of Ravenshaw broke his quarter-staff over thy sconce for kissing his daughter Marion."

"The fool's bolt," said the Templar, crossing himself with mock gravity, "is soon sped. The ear of the wise man listeneth not to the words of the reprover."

"I will not say thee nay to that," was the reply, "for a lay-brother of thy preceptory told me, that thou always sleepest, while father Paul expounds his homilies. By'r Lady! or thou art villainously belied, thou lovest a black-eyed wench better than all the painted saints in thy missal, and would'st not give one flask of right Xeres for all the holy water in Christendom."

"To endure the scoff of the reviler," said the Templar, "and hearken unto the folly of the unwise, is a penance which it behoves the true servant of the Cross to bear without a murmur."

"It is a penance though," said de Limesy, "lighter than one thou didst once endure"—

"—As how?" enquired the Templar.

"—When thou didst stand in a white sheet from matin to vesper bell for calling the Abbess of Nuneaton a—Jesu Mariæ!—not an honest woman."

"Out upon thee," cried the Templar laughing—"for a blasphemer against the holy church! But I do remember me—it fell in the month that thou wast whipped at Knowle for robbing the priest's orchard."

"The old song," said de Limesy, "is right.

The priest's in his orchard

A-drinking his wine,

And while he watched the apples,

The thief stole his kine.

Thou didst set me on, Walter de Massey! and while I stole his apples, thou wert ravishing cherries from the lips of his daughter!"

"Daughter!—the daughter of a man who is vowed to celibacy?"

"Well then his niece—his housekeeper—or, an the truth must be told—his leman."

"Worse and worse!" cried the Templar—"now, by my faith, thou hast made that chit-faced page blush like a maiden. Ralph de Limesy, an thou would'st eschew mockery, get thee another page—those lily hands and that fair face would raise shrewed suspicions against a less modest chevalier. One could almost swear that he was twin-brother to that gentle damosel that tended thy sick couch at Canterbury."

"What! the Lady de Clinton, Templar?"

"The same—they are as like as two cloth-yard arrows."

"Walter de Massey," said the young knight, "those same two cups of Hypocras thou didst so incontinently quaff for a stirrup-cup have some what disordered thy brain and dimmed thy sight, or thou wouldst not compare a coarse horse-boy to the most peerless dame of Britain."

"Swear an thou wilt," said the Templar, "that my brain turns round like a whirlpool; but I will maintain there is a likeness, and that, an extraordinary one."

"I tell thee, Templar," said de Limesy, "that there be likenesses between things that appertain not at all to each other. There be cottar's brats about thy preceptory that are as like to thee, as though thou wert their father, and yet thou art not married to their mothers."

"A cross hit!" exclaimed the Templar—"but tell me why dost thou not pay thy devoirs to this peerless dame?"

"Were she more beautiful than an angel she were no bride for me. From my seventh year have I been betrothed to the Lady Joanne, and I were a miscreant and disloyal knight to break the troth my dead father pledged for me."

"Then thou wilt marry her?"

"Aye! by God and our Lady will I!"

"She is passing fair?"

"Walter de Massey," cried the young knight, "fair or foul, she is the betrothed bride of de Limesy—and for the matter of her beauty, ask yon page—he came to me at Canterbury with tokens of souvenance from her, and doubtless, knows more on that head than I do."

"The Lady Joanne," said the page modestly, "is considered to possess beauty."

"Malapert varlet!" said de Limesy, now thoroughly nettled; "thou liest! *considered* quoth'a; why, de Massey, there are those who *consider* that bear's face of thine handsome. I tell thee, boy, her face is freckled like a partlet's back; and her eye ——"

"Her eye, Sir," said the page, "has been praised by bard and sung by minstrel."

"Her left eye then thou meanest," replied de Limesy, "for her right one, if I remember me well, was struck out by a bird-bolt some fifteen summers since. She is as slender as a lance, and as crooked as a scythe-handle; her foot is like a camel's hoof, and her fingers are more fit for the fist of a bluff yeoman, than the hand of a lady fair. Marry, John de Burgh told me that she lent him a buffet that would have felled an ox."

"An John de Burgh did say so," replied the page, "he is a measureless liar; but we draw nigh to Ulverle, fair Sir, and I will go warn my mistress of your approach."

"There," said De Limesy as the page rode off, "there goes my character. For every word I have spoken, this marmozet of a page will report three, and it will go hard with me but I get a welcome as loud as the great bell of St. Alphage. Truce with thy mockeries," he continued, as he observed a smile curling on the Templar's lip. "Would to God! that I were a freer man or Joanne Odingsells were a fairer woman!—but not for the Excaliber of King Arthur will Ralph de Limesy peril his father's soul."

"The hour of trial approaches," said the Templar, as they reined in their steeds beneath the walls of the fortress of Ulverle, a rude, castellated edifice, environed by a moat, and surrounded by a grove of almost patriarchal oaks. "Courage man! thou lookest as thou wert going to a funeral rather than a bridal. I have seen thee less pale when thou wert about to mount a breach, and less sad with a broken head-piece. Verily, it were a charity to strike thee down with my martel."

"An hour hence," replied de Limesy, as he spurred his horse over the drawbridge, "I will thank thee for a turn of thy charitable office."

The knights, having now alighted from their steeds, were divested of their armour, and supplied with splendid dresses of ceremony.\*

They were next conducted across a quadrangular court, to the hall of the fortress, a long and irregular building, the walls of which were hung with offensive and defensive armour of every age and country; and profusely decorated with stags' heads, wolf skins, herons' plumage, and other spoils of the chase. At another time, Ralph de Limesy would have loitered to contemplate these feudal records, and the Templar would have exercised his soldier-like curiosity in the examination of the vast diversity of weapons presented to his view; but at the present moment, their thoughts were engaged by far different subjects, and their eyes were rivetted on an object far more interesting to both of them. On the dais or elevated platform at the upper extremity of the hall sat a lady, but so surrounded by a bevy of maidens, that the two knights were unable to decide as to her personal charms. Whatever doubt, however, might exist on that point was soon dispelled; for the maidens retired at their approach, and the lady rising from her seat, greeted them with words of kind courtly welcome. Ralph de Limesy was brave; he had shown himself in battle-field to be one of the prowtest knights of England; but he was superstitious, and he could not divest himself of the idea, that the extraordinary personage, who thus greeted him, was not a creature of this earth. The object before him was deformity itself; he had almost cheated himself into a belief, that the Lady of Ulverle was less destitute of beauty than she had been represented; he found her shapeless, nauseating, hideous, and disgusting. The little red eye, for the creature had but one, which gleamed with unearthly glare from beneath a bare and wrinkled brow; and the sharp, long, and filthy fangs, which protruded from her distorted mouth, would have reminded him, had he been "in the vein" for such recollections, of the monstrous serpents he had encountered in Palestine; while the glittering raiment and resplendent jewels with which the monster, by some strange inconsistency, had bedecked her ugliness, formed altogether no bad illustrations of those venomous animals; which, for reasons to us inscrutable, have been endowed with an exterior of rare and radiant beauty.

\* Mill's History of Chivalry. Froissart's Chronicles.

"Thy father's soul is in peril Ralph de Limesy," whispered the Templar, "my Milan corslet to a friar's girdle thou breakest thy vows." Ralph de Limesy, however, spoke not; but the obeisance, with which he greeted his betrothed bride, was the courtesy of a clown, rather than of a preux chevalier. The Templar, with provoking perseverance, whispered words of what was meant for encouragement, and tormentingly dinned his ears with the spirit-stirring cries, with which heralds were wont to urge on the knights at jousts and tournaments, "*à l'ostelle, à l'ostelle; on valiant knight, fair EYES behold you; loyauté aux dames;*" all of which were to our knight, less welcome than would have been the command to bow his head to the executioner.

"The soldiers of the cross," said the lady, "are welcome to the poor castle of Ulverle, and the son of Richard de Limesy will always be a favoured guest in the bower of its lady." A dead pause ensued; the unfortunate de Limesy seemed lost to the passing scene. The Templar viewed it all with malicious satisfaction. "Fair Sir," continued the lady, "we have heard of thy achievements, and thy lady-love is proud of her gallant knight;" at the same time holding forth a lean, dark, and withered hand from which an anchorite would have shrunk, even had it contained the fiat of salvation. De Limesy retreated in disgust. At this moment, the bevy of maidens, who had departed at their approach, returned to the hall, accompanied by the male and female domestics of the castle. The maidens were all beautiful; but there was one among them of lovely and majestic mien, of exceeding and surpassing beauty; in whose sunny eyes and chestnut locks there was every thing to excite the admiration, and much to raise the wonder of the two amazement-stricken knights.

"Now by my hopes of heaven, 'tis the boy-page decked out in the garb of Lady fair," exclaimed the Templar.

"By St. George and our lady, 'tis the Lady de Clinton," cried de Limesy.

"LADY JOANNE ODINGSELS," announced a staid, serious, and solemn gentleman usher.

And so it was. On the return of Ralph Limesy from Palestine, the Lady Joanne, who was sojourning at Canterbury, had personated Isabel de Clinton. That which at first was a mere innocent plea-

santry, became, at last, an act of necessity, and she determined to continue the deception till a proper time should arrive for the disclosure of her secret. Piqued as she was at finding that as the Lady of Ulverle, she was the object of bitter contempt and unsparing derision;—she was not a little diverted at the homage and adoration which were offered to her under her assumed character. This, however, soon gave way to a softer feeling—and though she determined to have a woman's revenge for the slights she had experienced—and to punish her knight for his folly in confounding her with her venerated *grandmother*—she longed for the arrival of the period when further concealment would be alike useless and unnecessary. More than once during her journey with him in the disguise of a page, had she been on the point of declaring herself—but her modesty, and the sense she entertained of her equivocal situation, prevented the adoption of so imprudent a measure. She had to endure, in consequence, much that might offend a maiden's ears—but she had also many opportunities of witnessing the noble qualities and manly virtues of her betrothed husband. \* \* \* \* \*

A few weeks after this scene in the Castle of Ulverle—on a lovely morning, when the sun of July shed his radiant beams on every flower till it opened its leafy mouth, as if in speaking adoration of the power that nourished it—sounds of mirth were heard to proceed from a flower-crowned bower in the gardens of Ulverle. They were indeed sounds of mirth—not the distempered shout of riot, nor the sarcastic laughter of malevolence—but the joyous out-pouring of pure and unalloyed spirits, who saw nothing but happiness in the vista of futurity, and lost in their certain bliss, every thought of the probability of evil. In that bower sat the Lady Joanne, and Ralph de Limesy—the springs of light and life and love were all open to them—they felt, as mortals may feel only once—they were in that happy state of feeling which imparts new hopes and new energies to all who bask in the sun-shine of its influence.

The lady smiled with a look of tenderness and archness on her loyal knight, who sat at her feet and looked up at her sparkling eyes with an air of adoration, such as the fire-worshippers turn upon their sun. “Dearest lady,” said he, “command me as thou wilt—I will encounter the assembled chivalry of Christendom for thy love—



nor is there any danger a christian knight may tempt, that I will not brave for thy smiles."

"'Twere a pity so sage a knight should brave danger for one whose face is freckled like a parlet's back."

"Nay, lady," said De Limesy, "I have been a disloyal knight—but spare thy anger. Tread thy servant under foot, but kill him not with words of unkindness."

"'Twere foul and cruel shame to stamp upon so courteous a warrior with a camel's hoof," said the laughing lady—and at the same time, a beautiful foot, small and delicate as an elfin fairy's, peeped *accidentally* from its bright and glittering bower of brocade, as if to chide the trifler for his uncourteous slander.

"An thou lovest me lady," replied the abashed knight, "forget the idle vapouring of a hot-headed boy."

"An I love thee thou saucy knight! an thou dost not mend thy rude and uncourteous parlance"—and she passed her slight and taper fingers, white as the driven snow, across his arched and polished brow—"I will buffet thee with my yeoman's fingers, as I did that varlet John de Burgh."

"Now, by those bright eyes, lady,"—said the young knight in accents of supplication—

"Fair sir!" replied the lady, whose flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes betrayed her satisfaction—"remember thee of the bird bolt!"

The Templar leaned on his sword, and gazed at the fair sight before him, till his eyes grew dim with ecstasy. One solitary tear—the only one which years of hardship, warfare and privation, had left him—rolled down his toil-worn, and sun-burnt cheek.—It was a tear of anguish—he had looked upon the lovers, till the recollection, that such joys were denied to him, rushed in all its bitterness on his soul—and he cursed the hour in which a mistaken zeal had betrayed him into those irrefragable vows, which made ambition his only god, and its pursuit his sole adoration.

On the following morning, the merry bells of St. Alphage announced that the Lady of Ulverle had found a gallant husband, and her vassals a warlike and chivalrous master.

I. P. S.

*Ulverly, April 7, 1826.*

## SONG.

You ask what I deem the enjoyment of life—  
 With pleasure to tell you I'll try;  
 First, then, seek a good-temper'd girl for a wife,  
 On whose love you can firmly rely.

Next, get thee a house nor too large, nor too small,  
 With an orchard and garden well stored;  
 A servant that comes, and comes when you call,  
 And a frugal though bountiful board,

A horse, dog and gun for the sports of the field  
 When fine weather invites you to roam;  
 Some well chosen books, fresh amusement to yield,  
 When the snow-storm confines you at home.

With these, and a prattler to sit on your knee,  
 To what else can your wishes extend,  
 Unless a companion, brave, open and free,  
 And a glass of old port for a friend.

H. B.

*September, 1825.*

## STANZAS,

AFTER THE MANNER OF SHENSTONE.

FAIR is the lily of the vale,  
 The sun-lit dew-drop glistens bright;  
 And sweet the rose-empervm'd gale,  
 That heralds summer's eastern night.

Yet is the girl I love more fair,  
 Brighter her eyes than sun-lit dew—  
 More sweet to me her warm sighs are  
 Than Zephyr e'er from Flora drew.

And faithful is the gentle dove,  
That mournful plains from yon green bough;  
As faithful is the girl I love,  
As plaintive too, her tale of woe:

For thus I've known her sit and sigh,  
Should aught from home her love detain—  
Yet hold—methinks I hear you cry,  
“Beam'd then Hope's cheering ray in vain?”

“Alas! who once has hoped and found  
“Hope's rainbow ray as false as fair,  
“Trusts not the promised boon till crown'd  
“With bright success Love's proffer'd prayer.”

“Yet few, if clouds ne'er interposed  
“To dim awhile the sun of life,  
“Would hail the victor shout that closed  
“With hopes of peace the fearful strife.”

H. B.

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### SEPARATION.

’Tis done, and we are free to rove,  
The fever of desire is o’er;  
There was a time when all was love,  
But now, *alas!* we love no more.

Nature we know is prone to change,  
Time will the strongest fabrics sever,  
Then why, without the power to range,  
Should woman's mind be fixed for ever.

Yet, can I carelessly consign  
Our joys to black oblivion's stream?  
No, no, that matchless form of thine  
Still haunts by night my every dream.

Nor time, nor place can e'er remove  
 The pleasing thought, the sweet impression,  
 The melting glance that spoke "we love,"  
 The bliss that followed the confession.

Yes! time there was, tho' now 'tis past,  
 That I did love thee e'en to madness,  
 When every smile on me you cast,  
 Would fill my soul with joy and gladness.

Sweet were the hours we past together,  
 One wish rose mutual from the heart,  
 So like our minds, I know not whether  
 We most rejoiced to meet or part.

O, what a paradise is love!  
 Thus wanton, unconfined and free,  
 Whose sweets, all other sweets above,  
 Now bloom for you, and now for me.

Then, let us wander where we will,  
 Life and its joys in prospect shine.  
 Your's be attractive beauty still,  
 And lovely woman still be mine.

C. P.

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#### APOPHTHEGMS AND TRUISMS.

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Dicere verum. Hor.

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THE greatest of all pretensions is the profession of having no pretensions.

Impudence, though detrimental to a man's character when it stands alone, is yet of the greatest service when united with good qualities or conspicuous talents.

All women are more or less inclined to indulge in flirtation, which *they* invariably commence, by giving encouragement to men, who pay them merely the common civilities due to the sex. Many a

man has been trepanned into matrimony by a tender look, an eloquent tear, or a thrilling pressure of the hand, from a woman who felt no more for *him*, than she would for any one, who might appear likely to make a suitable match for her.

Old maids should be looked upon as bankrupts, for they have failed in the great business of woman's life—matrimony.

Public assemblies may be called female bazaars.

Have you seen Miss — dance at Willis' rooms?

Have you seen a thorough bred bit trotted down at Tattersall's?

Have you heard a self-playing piano-forte perform at Clementi's? they are all three displayed—for sale upon honourable terms.

No man ever makes use of an opportunity till after he has missed several.

When a man is preyed upon by a hopeless passion, he resembles a burning coal, which wastes away by degrees, and at length, when the flame dies for want of nourishment, it can never be lighted again.

Few men fall in love twice in their lives, but fewer still marry their first love.

Cupid and Hymen went to a masquerade; Cupid was dressed as a link-boy, and endeavoured to set on fire all whom he met; Hymen followed his steps closely, clad as a fire-man, and with his bucket extinguished the flames.

Female society is man's greatest pleasure.

Q.

## ALICE CUNNINGHAM.

### PORTION II.

AND Harry Duncan checked his horse's trot,  
To muse on Alice, and the widow's cot,  
Thought on the ringlets of her raven hair,  
And blessed the thunderstorm that led him there.  
Then dreamed he of the witcheries that fell  
From out her eye so indescribable.  
Thus, while he paused to dream upon the past,  
Thought after thought rose happier than the last,  
Leaving him so bewildered—that around  
The very breezes bore her voice's sound,

That all the balmy sweets upon the heath  
Were but the fragrance of the maiden's breath—  
With such dear thoughts he gained the mansion's door,  
To pass a night he ne'er had passed before.

The morning's dawn with health in ev'ry pore  
Rose like a twin to that which went before,  
And saw young Harry true as was the day  
To Alice' cottage wend his lonely way.  
And brightened grew his visage—as he stood  
To view the smoke high curling 'bove the wood—  
So have I seen on many a gloomy day  
The pleasing lily exquisitely gay,  
Or damask rose now blossomed to the full  
Shine o'er that earth where all around was dull.  
O! can a joy of earth be more complete  
Than with the object truly loved to meet?  
What then was Duncan's happiness? O! say,  
When two young hearts with first affection play!  
To love and to be loved—allow, ye wise!  
'Tis youth's true joy, its first, its paradise.

The matron hailed the presence of the youth  
With accents kind that spoke the voice of truth,  
Not such enquiries as the higher know,  
Composed of compliment and outward show,  
But those congenial to an open heart—  
Not *ask* your staying, *mean* you to depart.  
And Alice too half timid, and half shy,  
Not like to yesterday received the boy,  
But as one loving what she dared not own—  
Such feelings as to lovers are but known—  
Yet she was kind, and skipped about as gay  
As infant childhood on its natal day,  
Reckless of bustle and the busy strife  
Born to attend him through his wayward life.  
One thing confused her—that where'er she turned,  
At that same spot were Harry's eyes discerned.



Once more the evening, clad in mantle gray,  
 Saw Harry Duncan homeward wend his way,  
 And Alice, smiling with her eyes so bright,  
 Watch the stout youth till hidden from her sight.  
 It recks not—why thus ling'ring shall I trace,  
 How constant Harry sought this happy place,  
 Or glows of love that lightened up his face—  
 Or how his horse seemed but one path to know,  
 And that the widow's cottage to and fro ;  
 Or how himself his hound and horn forgot  
 To seek the quiet of the widow's cot.  
 Such joys do not last long—such easy bliss  
 Seemed but too real for a world like this,  
 Where bustle, riot, vanity, and show  
 Are the sole forms that fashion's children know.  
 But Alice heard them not, she lived at ease,  
 Closed from the world and all its fopperies.

The Squire had lived 'neath fashion's fickle sway,  
 Nor seen the follies that her vot'ries play,  
 Was headstrong, rash, and would indulge his whim,  
 He heard the news—for such it was to him—  
 How that his nephew, and his heir designed,  
 To wed young Alice—she was lowly kind—  
 Fault large enough—he neither spoke nor swore—  
 He felt it inward, and he thought the more.  
 “ Wed—and disgrace himself with yonder girl—  
 A very rustic—though her eyes were pearl,  
 Dowry but small—I'll fit him out for sea—  
 'Tis the best plan to try love's constancy.”  
 His word he kept—ere many days were gone,  
 He called the youth, and this theme hit upon.  
 Would hear no reason opposite, but swear  
 He was no nephew, nor his uncle's heir,  
 Till Harry sighing, pledged him to obey  
 His uncle's mandate on an early day.

Y.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## TO ELIZA.

BY A REJECTED SUITOR.

THEY say you are soon to be married,  
 O, say, that they tell me a lie !  
 Consider, dear girl, how I've tarried,  
 Ah ! what will become of poor I.

I'm a Dandy and dress in the fashion,  
 Indeed, my love never shall cool—  
 My blood is all hot with my passion,  
 Like scalding hot gooseberry fool.

O, *dear* !—though you are not expensive,  
 And never cost twopence to me—  
 Though my *deer* and park are extensive,  
 O, *sole* ! I could dine upon thee.

Command me—I'll fight with a tiger,  
 An unicorn seize by its horn ;  
 Or hunt out the source of the Niger,  
 Or die—so I know not thy scorn.

I'll walk to the Gate House at Highgate,  
 And there I'll be *sworn*—may I die !  
 If I go not to Brighton or Ryegate,  
 And loosen the floods of my eye.

I'll do it without more evasion,  
 I'll sail o'er the sea in a boat,  
 I'll cut—my corns—when I've occasion—  
 I'll cut—very likely—my throat.

I'll weave me a garland of willow,  
 Sing love songs when nobody hears ;  
 I'll weep—and the salt water billow  
 Sha'n't be half so salt as my tears.

If you marry without me, my pretty,  
 You don't know at all how I'll cry,  
 There's nought to be judged from this ditty—  
 Perhaps, though no *dyer*, I'll *die*.

Indeed of affliction I'll swill, O!  
 Just like a willow I'll weep,  
 Or droop my head down on the pillow,  
 And lustily snore in my sleep.

I'll die, without any romancing,  
 Whene'er I've got nothing to hope,  
 You'll cry as you see me advancing,  
 To *Twineing's* to purchase a *rope*.

Round my neck will I twist it so neatly,  
 And tie myself up through your cru-  
 -elty—I'll fix it completely—  
 I'm sure, I'll be *hanged* if I do.

There's a dun with his bill at my door—  
 Pshaw! 'tis only the baker with bread,  
 I've ever a dun, or such bore,  
 To knock the rhymes out of my head.

So I end, and I beg you'll not marry,  
 You don't know the course I shall take;  
 And break not my heart, lest I carry  
 No heart to the grave for your sake.

T. K. H.

## THE BOAT RACE.

## AN OXFORD SCENE.

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MRS. MOSS HALL, *Landlady of the Boat House.*

ROBERT THOMSON, *Commoner.*

JOSEPH SNUFFLE, *Commoner.*

HINES, *Keeper of the Lock at Iffley.*

JAMES, *A Scout.*

CROWDS OF GOWNSMEN.

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SCENE I.—*The Lock at Iffley, and the Banks of the Isis up to Oxford.*

*Crowds of Gownsmen.*—Hines, open the lock. They come. (*Vast deal of cheering.* Exeter, Christ Church, Black Exeter, and Worcester are the four boats for the race. Skiffs; two, four, and six oared cutters in all parts of the river. The *togati*, on the banks, preparing for the run. Eyes anxiously looking for the start; a beautiful evening between eight and nine; bustle and life the predominant feature.)

Hines.—Gentlemen, all ready. Please to want any thing.

*Cockswain.*—Grease, and plenty of it. (The oars being ancanted, the boats float out of the lock. Exeter having the start, then Christ Church, Black Exeter, and Worcester. A gownsmen on shore—"Are you all right." "Yes, fire away," from the boat crews. A pistol goes off, and the boats at the same time. Gownsmen hurrying along the banks. Cries of "bravo, bravo, go it Christ Church; you are gaining *ground*. Strange phrase at a boat race. "Pull, Exeter; stronger yet; they gain; she is almost upon you. Huzza! Christ Church, beautifully pulled." Here a gentleman tumbles in the water, exclaiming, "Holloa! *look* here." "Yes, Sir, you seem to be very much *in* for it." Many knocked up, others dropping the chase, and all puffed. "Huzza, huzza, Christ Church for ever. Go it, Exeter; no use; she beats; bravo! Christ Church bumps her. Huzza! loud cries of exultation for Christ Church. Exeter looks exceeding glum and exclaims, "What a sell!" Christ Church receives the congratulations of her well-wishers, and then they row direct for Oxford. The river now

exhibits a truly splendid appearance. All the smaller boats, tugging to arrive with first intelligence, rowed by some of the finest young men in Europe. The St. John's four oar appears; abuse follows; "shame *bow*; sluggish *bow*; yah! muffs!" and such like epithets are applied to the *attempts*, while the regular good ones are hailed with cries loud and lasting. Amongst others Robert Thomson, Commoner, &c. &c. clad in a blue neckerchief, red striped jacket, a queer looking silk night-cap, and white trowsers large as a big breeched Burgomaster's of Saardam, pulls up his skiff, and enters the boat house of Mrs. Moss Hall.)

## SCENE II.—The Boat House at Oxford.

Thomson.—Moss, Moss, (*rapping her on the shoulder*), I must have ever so much ginger beer.

Moss.—Lauks, Mr. Thomson, is it you? How d'ye do, Sir?

Thomson.—All the worse for Bumble Puppy and the Ifley ale. But, come, the ginger beer.

Moss.—Had you not better taste something stronger, Sir? You seem in a sad heat.

Thomson.—No, Moss; you should always shun a dog when he is on the heat. I would you were a *moss trooper*, and more expeditious.

Moss.—How do you like your new rowing dress, Sir?

Thomson.—Pretty well—but this cap does not fit me; it pinches my head; I wear it no longer; I throw it to the dogs; (*calling to certain boat-boys*). Here, you humbugs, *capiat qui capere possit*! How neatly it spins in the air.

Moss.—Lauks! Sir, you should not have scrambled it among those men. But, you gentlemen never recollect that we *ladies* wear caps.

Thomson.—You cunning old Gorgon; for you are as fat as the three put together, and like them have but one eye; d—n me if there is any getting on the blind side of you; you look them all to nothing.

Moss.—Sir, one is obliged to keep an eye to business.

Thomson.—Ah! to be sure; sleep like the Bristol people, with one eye open and the other not shut.

Moss.—Shall I take your rowing jacket, Sir?

*Thomson.*—No, you fat piece of one eyed womanhood. You vast *Ægean* of the female sex, I choose to go to College in this dress. Lend me my straw hat.

*Moss.*—O, yes, Sir; we have every thing ready.

*Thomson.*—The devil doubt you! However, give me my hat; every thing ready; I never look at you but I think of one of the *Cyclades*; every thing ready; yes, you are so *Pat Moss* like.

*Moss.*—*Pat Moss*! lauks! Sir, my name is not *Martha*.

*(Exit Thomson with the staggers.)*

### SCENE III.—*The Rooms of Snuffle.*

*Thomson.*—*(Entering in strange disorder)*. Joe Snuffle, hand over your money, Christ Church is the winning boat after all your gag.

*Snuffle.*—Come, that won't do. I am not done.

*Thomson.*—I hope not; I hate *duns* in any shape. But, on my word, as correct as true blue. Never saw prettier play in *my* life-time. Laid to like rum ones. Christ Church gained upon her every pull; and, when you might nearly cover them with a pocket handkerchief, bang she bumps the Exeter. O! she is the boat for my money.

*Snuffle.*—Or, rather say, *my* money, for I am the queered this time. Well, *I* never thought of her bumping the Exeter.

*Thomson.*—To be sure not, or why wager on the opposite side. Ah! Joe, it is not your *big Ben* looking men that can do the trick. Give me the tight built little ones. Here is a *bumper* to her health.

*Snuffle.*—What became of Black Exeter and Worcester?

*Thomson.*—Seeing the other boats so much a-head, they did not exert themselves. If the *Black Exeter* should lag behind, we need not fear her showing a *red* face. However, here is her health, and hen health to them all, for I have had a hard pull of it. Let me see—this same rowing bont has put many *dibbs* into my pocket. Wagers with —. Humph! what *winning* ways I must have. Egad, Joe, such *sportsmen* as you should have been women, and christened so many *Betsies*.

*Snuffle.*—Spare your chaffing; I was only on the wrong side.

*Thomson.*—Yes; but that is the worst side a man can get on.



Never mind, here is to your better luck. You would [think I had been the loser to see how I am given to *whine* over my winnings. (*drinking*). However, never say die till you are dead, you can sport Exeter again. It is supposed she will be victorious next time, since she rides easier in shallow water, and the floods will be somewhat abated by next Friday. But this is rumour, and remains to be proved. I wager as usual.

*Snuffle*.—Ah! you are generally the same. But, come, lug off this rowing toggery of thine, it is not seemly in College, you know. Oh! here 's my Scout, James.

*James*.—Any supper to-night, if you please, Sir?

*Snuffle*.—Yes, James, my boy; I beg your pardon—you are rather a large man for a boy. I shall have a comfortable turn out for some ten men; so to Goulding's, and lay in a necessary stock. Have I any liquors in College?

*James*.—Yes, Sir; some of that nation nice stuff you had used to give me a glass of sometimes.

*Snuffle*.—Bob, that is a broad hint. Well, get a *tumbler*, James, and I will give you something to set you going.

*James*. (*Drinking*).—O! that is nation good; but I must not have any more.

*Snuffle*.—A broader hint than the other. (*Fills a second brimner*.) Ah! Jem, scruple away, I know you; you have not had a *dran* until you have *three scruples*, and now get supper as soon as possible. Thomson, you will make one. I shall spread a knife and fork for the two freshmen. You understand, we *must* initiate those gentlemen. Off with your rowing garb; ablutionize, I beseech!

(*Sound of a man falling*.)

*Thomson*.—Hilloa! Joe, this stuff, that was to set James going, has knocked him down. What a *floorer*!

*Snuffle*.—How kind of me to give James a *Flora*. Doubtless, he thinks so. However, let us stick him on his pins, he will *reel* home and lead them a precious dance, and we must tell *Old Tom* to prepare supper. Come, I crave your aid in the name of the king.

(*Exeunt, bearing out the Scout in a very woolly condition*.)

P. T.

## IMITATION OF HORACE.—BOOK I. ODE IV.

*Solvitur acris hyems, &c.*

Now glowing Phœbus towards earth descends,  
The air breathes calmly, and the winter ends,  
The creaking docks their useful burthens yield,  
And neighing coursers scour the verdant field ;  
The rustic ploughman quits his peaceful hearth,  
And frost no longer whitens every path.  
By moon-light now along the flow'ry meads  
Her blithe companion smiling Venus leads,  
These with the Nymphs the comely Graces meet,  
And shake the grass-plat with alternate feet.  
Whilst limping Vulcan leaves his heav'nly sire,  
And with his Cyclops wakes the lambent fire.  
Let myrtle wreaths adorn your shining brow,  
Or let some fragrant flow'r be gather'd now.  
'Tis time to Faunus through the shady wood  
Some goat, or lambkin, yield it's sacred blood.  
Pale visag'd death possesses equal pow'r,  
To tread the peasant's cot, or regal tow'r.  
Give, dearest friend, to pleasures wider scope,  
Since life's short span forbids protracted hope.  
See, night draws on, the fabled ghosts appear,  
And Pluto's shadowy mansion rises near,  
Which enter'd once, no more you'll play the host,  
Or settle by the dice the coming toast,  
No more behold your Chloe's rip'ning charms,  
Or fold the loving creature in your arms,  
Whose form with envy fills the aged dame,  
And am'rous youths have caught the kindling flame.

T. E.

## THE DELUGE.

A RIDICULOUS DRAMA, AFTER THE GERMAN.

SCENE.—*Exactly what one might suppose when the water was up to his knees, and every thing wearing the appearance of desolation.*

DEUCALION.—(cogitating.)

Sure, I'll be drunk! the water rises high—  
 I must be drunk! the *drop* is in my eye.  
 'Tis very strange! the waters pour them fast,  
 And thus have served me for a fortnight past.  
*Pore, pore*, just like a student o'er his books,  
 The blackness will be washed out of the rooks.  
 Methinks, we men are justified to fret,  
 I am not over fond of *heavy wet*.  
 Suppose the winter was to set, and freeze  
 The waters which are far above our knees,  
 Pleasant 'twould be each frozen man to greet  
 With "Aye! how are you; have you got *wet feet*?"  
 Whence is this vastiness of wet, what sources?  
 Has Phœbus given *rain* unto his horses?  
 All *hail*! thou whacking rain-drops—look, how vast!  
 Is water *dear*—for sure it *rises* fast?  
 O, mighty Jove, thou eagle of the skies!  
 Thy nectared drops must I monopolize?  
 What shall I do?—Ah, whither shall I go?  
*By water*—what a shower-bath! What, ho!  
 Was that a lion?—no; the torrent's roar—  
 Grumble thy full—Ah! would I were a *bore*,  
 That I might hollow out the earth, and pop  
 My fleshy substance in an *earthen* shop.

(*Here a nightingale descends from a branch and attacks his nose.*)

Ah! thou sweet nightingale, thou hungered thief,  
 Tak'st thou my red, carbuncled, nose for beef?  
 Forsooth, thou 'st caused much throbbing to my snout,  
 I, who ne'er sing at *home*, do now sing *out*.

Poor bird, I'm foodless in this watery wreck,  
 No loaves of quartern, tho' thou gavest a peck.  
 Thou ow'st me nought—then, why commit this ill?  
 To my proboscis wherefore give thy bill?  
 This is rebellion! would I had a caul  
 To save my drowning!—what a precious squall!  
 Hither my young ones, wherefore this alarm?  
 Sham, Ham, Numps, Pumps, and all you younger swarm.  
(They enter.)

Duet.—DEUCALION.

Come hither, hither, my little son, Ham!  
 Why dost thou look so pale?  
 Thou seemest as glum as the old knave Pam,  
 Thou shiverest at the gale.

HAM.

Oh! father Deu, what shall I do?  
 Say, what do you propose?  
 I weep, I faint, while the waters paint  
 Their hue upon my nose.

AMBO.

O, *rainbow*, appear! blue ruin is near,  
 O, Jove; arise! and save,  
 Or else poor I will surely die,  
 And that in a watery grave.

DEUCALION.—*Recitative.*

Run, fetch your sister,  
 Methought, I missed her.  
 Haste, Ham, fetch my daughter,  
 I go to Heaven *by water*.

(Exit Ham.)

NUMPS.

My dear papa! you seem all on the fidgets.

DEUCALION.

And justly so, the water tops my digits.

NUMPS.

Wet at thy finger's ends, Papa, O, dear!

DEUCALION.

No, *cheap*, my child, the water *falls* this year.  
 We shall be drowned—

NUMPS.

What all this pretty nation?

DEUCALION.

Ev'ry man Jack, if that is consolation.

NUMPS.

Yes, for I'm safe—my name is *Numps*, not *Jack*.

DEUCALION.

Pretty conceit of innocence, alack!

You are not safe, nor I, nor brother Pumps,

The *antelope*, that o'er the meadow jumps,

Is now a floating *deer*, and the *fishes*

Bob in our face as 't were to ask our wishes.

The birds of prey are quick by famine slaughtered,

You see our sheep, our grass, and oxen *watered*.

What's to be done—must we stay here and die?

I see you grieved—my dearest, do not cry,

It only helps the element—(*Ham enters.*) Dear Ham!

Where is your sister? Tell me quick—no sham—

HAM.

Up in her garret, tying up her clothes,

Dressed in her best to go—that no one knows.

DEUCALION.

She was the family *plain* cook, and now

Clad in gay dress—I'll have her forth I vow.

Go, scale her garret—better get a ladder—

Is she gone mad—or means to drive me madder.

(*Enter the daughter with her hair powdered.*)

Judee, my daughter, why not come before?

Why packing up? We should pack off. Of yore

You clad yourself in any comely wrapper,

But now as lively as my old horse "*Napper*,"

Dressed in his best caparison—

JUDEE.

You say,

We go to Heaven—would I knew the way!

That we must die—your saying was but recent—

I dressed myself in order to die decent.

## DEUCALION.

Oh! brave resolve—but, pray, put on your bonnet—  
 Cover your head, Jove throws cold water on it.  
 My loving children! here we humbly meet—  
 Down on your marrow-bones—hear me intreat!  
 O, Jupiter! thy wrath doth all pursue,  
 The very Heavens have become *sky blue*.  
 Do not destroy us! wash us not away!  
 Who dares disturb me? What have you to say?

(*To one who enters with a letter.*)

## DEPUTY.

I bring a letter from the town.—They said—(*Bowing.*)

## DEUCALION.

Put on your hat, or catch a watery head.  
 These people beg us send a deputation  
 To Jove, the ruler of the Godded nation.  
 'Twere a good plan—but how to Heaven get?  
 On earth, our *cook*,—my daughter's *dripping* wet.

JUDEE, (striving to put in *her* word.)

Papa! that wag, my brother Pumps, has said  
 The *powder* will go off on my *light* head.

DEUCALION, (ruminating.)

Some more entreaties—

## JUDEE.

Pa! it is in vain,

You see old Jupiter has vowed to *rain*.

## DEUCALION.

You chatter box! Zounds, madam, show no airs!  
 You birds of *prey*, I beg you'll come to *pray*'rs.

## PUMPS.

Do, *pray*, Papa! I shiver with the cold,  
 The water tops my *middle*, and I'm told,  
 That when I seek the garret where I rest,  
 I'll find I have the *water* in my *chest*.

## DEUCALION.

Pshaw! I have hit it—Silence! prithee, mark!  
 Saws, tools, and ehisels! I will make a *bark*.



PUMPS.

La! Pa, what like a *dog*?

DEUCALION.

No, my Pumps, no!

Up to yon woody mountain will we go,  
And fell the trees, and, then, to make a boat,  
And then upon the waters let us float.  
That mountain where old Argus rode a spider,  
He with the hundred eyes—'tis since called *I da*!  
*Sharpen* this knife, and hurry quick about—  
Each *rock* is now a *whet stone*—hasten out—  
Fetch the provision—speedily to work—  
Pumps, bring the Ham, and *Ham*, you bring the *pork*.  
There was cold beef too, if I'm not mistaken—  
Bring it—and, *Ham*! remember, *save your bacon*!  
(*Enter Jupiter and Juno with the Black Smith.*)

JUPITER.

I like you, Deu! and all your merry fellows,  
So brought my blacksmith with his pair of bellows,  
'To build your boat—he'll do it in a crack—  
O, he's a very *Nick*—he has the *knack*.  
But you are thirsty, (*Deu. drinks.*) Come, *wet* to'ther eye!  
'Tis rum, my lad! I see you're *wet*—and *dry*.  
Hither, my Juno! with your eyes so bovial,  
Give me a song—old Jove was ever *joveial*.

SONG.—JUNO.

Tune.—“*Polly Higginbotham.*”

Old Vulcan is a craftsman rare,  
A very mettled man, Sir;  
He made our cups and crock'ry ware,  
But did not make our *Pan*, Sir.

Oh! mind you not his ugly grins,  
His features all begrime, Sir—  
For, though he limps upon his pins,  
He beats the double time, Sir.

Row de dow, &c. &c.

O, have ye any pots to mend?  
 Ye mortal men of pith, Sir!  
 Ad oppidum Vulcani send,  
 Id est, to *Hammersmith*, Sir.

Trio.—VULCAN.

Now, Juno, cease your squalling, do!  
 Ah! wherefore all this riot?  
 The boat is made—and perfect too—  
 'Tis high time to be quiet.

Omnes, row de dow, &c. &c.

VULCAN.

'Tis done you see—and in a trice—  
 You told me to be early—

JUNO.

The brute was never over-nice—  
 Sir Vulcan! you are sirly.

JUPITER.

Ah, sure, it o'er the water floats,  
 My Deu! get in your party—  
 Collect your kids, and lambs, and goats,  
 And so, farewell, my hearty!

(*Vanishes up a water spout.*)

*The harmony of the spheres tunes up "Over the water to Charlie!" while Deucalion is getting on board, and then a grand finale to the tune of the Huntsman's Chorus.*

FINALE.

O, great is my joy, in the *ark* I'm transported!  
 How quickly I sail 'neath the Heaven's arched vaults!  
 Let the flood-gates be open, the water-drops patter,  
 As if all the gods had bedosed them with salts.

O, loud is the bull's roar! the cows look so coward,  
 And sheepish the sheep—while a *buoy* is a log!  
 And sweet is the thought, when the rum-pot is lower'd,  
 It mingles with water, and turns into grog,

*Ark, follow! ark, follow! &c.*

The head of my Judee is useful as light, Sir;  
 Each has his department, and nobody shirks,  
 We fag in the morning, I mean *over* night, Sir,  
 And care not the least for old Jove's *water works*.

And thus do we sail with a gallant good breeze, Sir,  
 And view the *men* die in a *manner* so queer!  
 We steer o'er the woods, and take *leave* of the trees, Sir,  
 And hear dying creatures cry out for their *bier*.  
*Ark, follow! Ark, follow! &c.*

(*Sails out of sight. Beavers and other infernal creatures floating.*  
*General discord with the whole of his regiment.*)

P. T

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### THE YOUNG GAMESTER.

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Quæque ipse miserrima vidi  
 Et quorum pars magna fui.

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WHILST travelling with a friend in the west of England, I proposed passing the night at a village, removed a short distance from the high road. We turned our horses' heads accordingly, and striking into a narrow path, reached a neat inn, which, being built upon an eminence, commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. "How now, Giles," said I, as the portly form of mine host presented itself at the door, "have you food and lodging for a couple of weary travellers?" "What! is it you, master Harry? Why, aye, to be sure; you shall have the best my house affords, and there's the oak parlour, where you and Mr. Belgrave used to while away the night so merrily; but he's gone, and we seldom see the likes of you gentry in this neighbourhood; but the table is spread, and you must need refreshment." Thus saying he motioned the way, and we soon found ourselves seated by a cheerful fire. Our repast being dispatched, my friend, as he added another log to the blazing heap, began to question me about the history of the

youth, whose name had been uttered by the landlord with such apparent regret; it was, indeed, a sad story, and you shall hear it, as near as possible in the words I then told it.

During my stay in this village, where I resided some months in consequence of ill health, I became acquainted with the Belgrave family. In a small place, you know, all the inhabitants are on terms of intimacy, and so soon as I was able to undergo fatigue, I received several invitations to join the social parties, that were given by one or other every evening. The form and ceremony, which accompanied my first introduction, gradually wore off, and they began to consider me as one of themselves. I walked and chatted with the younger branches of the community, and had politics and snuff ever at the disposal of the old folks; in short, I became a general favourite, and contracted a firm friendship with Richard Belgrave, the subject of my present story. He was but little acquainted with the artifices of the world, and having received a private education, imagined, that the important business of life was as quietly transacted in the metropolis, as he had observed it to be in the place of his nativity; and, seldom going into company, had few opportunities for correcting the erroneous notions he had formed. Here existence moved like the pendulum of a clock; when the works were down, sleep, acting as the key, wound them up to "the sticking point," and the same monotonous course was pursued; yet these people talked of happiness, and imagined they enjoyed all the pleasures of this world, so far they did, they were *content*. But I have digressed too much; he was naturally of an easy disposition, and being particularly warm in his attachments, would often make promises in a moment of enthusiasm, which his judgment would afterwards condemn; though he had frequently seen his error, his innate kindness prevented him from amending it, which induced many to refer to a want of understanding in the head, what should have been rather attributed to an extreme sensibility of the heart. Such was this character at the period I am just describing, and happy would it have been for all had he now died, ere his heart became contaminated by those vices, which afterwards stained his own name, and blighted the fond hopes of his family.—*Diis aliter visum est.*

Belgrave received an invitation to visit a distant relative in Lon-

don, which he eagerly accepted, and left his peaceful home with a light heart, and full purse. Arrived there, he hurried into the midst of those amusements, which present them to the pleasure hunter in a thousand different shapes. He soon found himself at the head of a small circle, which affected to consider him their leader, and pay the greatest deference to his opinions; whilst one in particular, pretending the most disinterested friendship, more effectually imposed upon his credulity. He set out by exposing the vices of some amongst his acquaintance, the follies of others, and the ingratitude of all, till gaining a firm ascendancy over the mind of his victim, he insured to himself that spoil his comrades would fain have shared. The insidious serpent drew him gradually through every gradation of folly, but used the utmost caution not to interfere with his prejudices or alarm his conscience. "You must dine at my house," said he, "we will have a quiet night of it—there shall be but one or two gentlemen besides ourselves." He went; cards were introduced, and the host complimented him on his play, betted largely upon the game, and Richard was allowed to win; the bottle circulated freely, and had its full effect on the intellects of the unsuspecting youth, he became inflamed to madness, was persuaded to bet a hundred on the odd trick, and proved again successful; the stakes were doubled, but his good fortune at length forsook him, and he lost more in a few minutes, than he had gained in the whole evening. One misfortune succeeded another, till he found himself stripped of every thing in the shape of money. "O! be not discouraged, a faint heart never won a fair lady." "I have no more," he exclaimed impatiently. "Never mind the trash, you have other property." "Yes, Sir," said he, rising from the table, "and shall retain it; I now know my company;" then snatching his hat, rushed from the house.

The grey light of morning discovered Belgrave pacing the streets with a hurried step and agitated countenance, the wine he had swallowed so profusely no longer clouded his reason, and he had already become deeply sensible of the horrors of his situation. Borne down by an accumulation of misery, he resolved to forsake his kindred, and retired to an obscure lodging, hoping to live unobserved, and die unknown. "All, all is gone," he said, "and I have annihilated the peace of my family. O! that HE, whose

penetrating eye has been a witness to my follies, would bury my afflictions in an early tomb." "What!" exclaimed a fiend incarnate, even his own conscience, "does Belgrave fear to meet death?" "No," was the reply, "I long for it; but sunk and degraded as I am, I have not yet forgotten there is a world to come." It was in this wretched situation, after many a fruitless search, I succeeded in discovering him; but he was indeed altered from the man, who some few months before proffered me his friendship; his visage was pale, the eye that once shone with such vivacious brilliancy was now dim and hollow, whilst his robust figure had dwindled to a very skeleton.

I took an early opportunity to acquaint the squire with the place of his retreat, who shortly after arrived in town, and was announced too suddenly by the thoughtless servant. I dreaded the result, and his appearance at that moment convinced me my fears were not without foundation, it was a paroxysm of pain too exquisite for his weak frame to endure, and his countenance bore testimony to the extreme torture of his mind, varying with a violence and rapidity that at once shocked and surprised me; now glowing with a hectic colour, which seemed more horrible than its former paleness; then by the blood's reflux course towards the heart, leaving his features wan and dejected. His father's footstep was heard upon the stairs, and as its well known sound struck upon his ear, his eye occasionally beamed with its wonted lustre, as a candle glimmering in the socket emits two or three hasty flashes, ere it is extinguished for ever. "My boy, my boy," exclaimed the old man as he entered, and rushed towards his unfortunate son; then casting a hasty glance at the room, and perceiving the misery around him, "Come, come, let us quit this den of wretchedness; I have already seen too much." Belgrave rose, but had not strength to support himself, and fell upon the bosom of his father, who stretched out his arms to receive him. I approached, and raising the hand which had fallen motionless by his side, found from a gentle pressure he was fully sensible of my kindness, and wished to acknowledge it by every token in his power; in a moment more he became convulsed with agony, and grasped my hand with a supernatural strength. Death seemed tugging at his heart-strings; the insatiate monarch had already poised his dart, yet stood awhile inactive, as if, pitying the



sorrows of a parent, he still hesitated to strike; the grave extended its ravenous jaws beneath his feet, and I saw my poor friend tottering on the brink of destruction. "Can you forgive me," said he in a faint voice. "Yes," replied the old man, "as I hope to be forgiven hereafter; but come, come," (affecting a cheerful air, and dashing away a tear at the same time,) "let us leave this melancholy talk; there! you'll soon be better, and we shall all again meet happily round our own fire-side." "Not in this world," said Belgrave emphatically, and casting a look towards heaven, "my hopes are centred in HIM, who alone has power to pardon our offences. Father, forgive my indiscretions, and receive my soul into thy bosom." That all-wise Being, whose clemency he had invoked, at length took pity on his sufferings. I gazed again—the fond arms of the father clasped the inanimate body of his broken-hearted son.

E \* \* \* s.

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#### A FRAGMENT.

It was a lovely vale—all gemm'd with flowers,  
Which to the air a tell-tale perfume lent,  
That drew the wand'rer in these secret bowers,  
To where such sweets had found retirement.  
It seemed as though each plant lay breathing there  
Its fragrant love tale in the silent shade,  
And the soft odours floating on the air  
Each fancied sigh and melting breath betray'd—  
All was so bright and still—so wild, yet fair!  
The very winds which o'er those flow'rets stray'd,  
Drinking, enamour'd, dewy sweetness there,  
Hush'd their sweet breaths, and yet more lightly play'd:  
It was a spot where wearied men might find  
A paradise of rest—nor miss the world behind.

Silence was there; not the deep, dark repose  
Of cavern depths, but silence, such as flings  
A lovelier charm o'er solitude, and grows  
Yet deeper stillness from the murmurings

Which rise around ; the sighing air which blows  
 Some sallow leaf—the lonely bird that wings  
 Its startled course along the bank, where flows  
 The unseen brook in babbled wanderings ;  
 These break not solitude, but to impress  
 A deeper sense of pleasing loneliness.

\* \* \* \* \*

And from each shrub that glistened in the sun  
 With dew and blossom, soft and tuneful throats  
 Of unseen warblers pour'd forth strains that won  
 Th' enraptur'd ear with music's first-born notes ;  
 Breath'd in the melody of birds that shun  
 The haunts of man, and dwell where echo floats  
 To catch the strains which, dying one by one,  
 Again are heard in softer, fainter notes—  
 Blending the music of their distant sigh  
 With the full swell of nature's harmony !

\* \* \* \* \*

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### THE ABODE OF PEACE.

Dost thou know the deep vale where the murmuring fountain,  
 Laves the violets sweet bed as meand'ring it flows,  
 Where in modesty deck'd at the foot of the mountain,  
 Twines the woodbine around the fair stem of the rose.

Where the blackbird, sweet songster, its wild note is singing,  
 And soothes with its warbles the care-stricken breast,  
 Where the turtle and ring-doves their flighty course winging,  
 Seem grateful to nature for being so blest.

'Tis here I would dwell from the world's fell commotion,  
 And calmly enjoy the sweet blessings of peace,  
 As the tempest-tost bark on the billowy ocean,  
 The port gladly views where her dangers will cease.

H. W. A.

## ODE TO SPRING.

FAIR birth-day of the circling year,  
Around us falls the dewy tear,  
Hail smiling bright-eyed Spring,  
Nature a blossom'd fragrance sheds,  
The balmy breeze the dewdrop weds,  
On rich aroma'd wing.

In modest garb the daisies creep  
Along the sunny woodland steep,  
And trembling as they rise,  
Seem snowy stars in beauty's pride  
Blushing as nature's loveliest bride,  
And fix'd in emerald skies.

See on the brook bank's lusted brow,  
The gold-eyed primrose opes to blow,  
And faintly seems to sigh,  
To think upon the rich perfume,  
Shed from the violet's vernal bloom,  
All meekly flow'ring nigh:

'Tis Nature's infancy, the year  
In innocence dispels the drear  
Of winter's cold embrace,  
While her rich carpet nature spreads  
Cynthia a silvery lustre sheds,  
Clothed in her soft'ning grace.

H. W. A.

## LINES ON SUMMER.

Lo! Spring sinks reclined on her cradle of green,  
And slumbers in tranquil repose;  
All nature in smiles o'er the landscape serene,  
Her balm-shedding drapery throws.

The gold sceptred sun lingers long o'er the vale,  
In effulgency mantled on high;  
While the breeze fondly kissing the dew-spangled dale,  
Lightly whispers a tremulous sigh.

'Mid the briars' rich perfume beauty strikes the fond lyre,  
In strains softly breathing her love,  
While on melody's pinions the wild warbling choir,  
Sweetly answers in carols above.

While echo the notes gaily bears as they rise,  
And in love's sportive circles they fly,  
Till in distance borne onward each strain faintly sighs,  
In its own native region on high.

While the zephyr in gay mazy courses convey'd,  
Floats wildly in ambient air,  
And the dew-pearl around the fair bow'r's scented shade,  
Diffuses her crystal-winged tear.

The nightingale's vespers a requiem sound,  
To the sun slowly kissing the main,  
In sleep's sweet embraces all nature is bound,  
Till his beams shed their lustre again.

H. W. A.

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#### ON BISHOP, THE COMPOSER.

SURE, Drury is the sanctuary  
To sacred music dish-up,  
For well knows wight of London town  
Their strains come from a *Bishop*.

Y.